

## New Fiction

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what high in key, but it is well sustained and there are no serious discords. A good piece of workmanship of its kind, guaranteed to provide engrossing entertainment to the lover of adventure and mystery.

**A KNIGHT AMONG LADIES.** By J. E. Buckrose. George H. Doran Company.

ONE may always count upon J. E. Buckrose for pleasant entertainment, and this novel is a choice example of the writer's skill. It is made of a nice blend of temperaments and humors; of everyday people, quiet, not too good and not too bad, not too much trouble and not too much excitement, but always interesting. There is a touch of "Cranford" about the village and its people, but they are modern enough, for all their local flavor and eccentricity.

The clown of the piece, Sim the gardener, carries the whole thing. He works not only for Sir Francis, who has come to Wynthorpe to rest, and for Cathy, but also for himself. He is a reluctant cupid some of the time, but eventually manages all things for the best, in a good comedy situation. And Sim is a delight in himself. For one thing he is an inveterate liar, or, rather, born romancer, and especially fond of strange yarns dealing with "natural history," always with a satisfactory explanation in "instinct." There is plenty of plot and quite enough event to keep up an even flow of narrative, but the chief values lie in the character sketches, which are truthful and delicately worked out. A charming tale.

**MILLIONS.** By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company.

IT was observed very many years ago that the love of money is the root of much evil, but this novel demonstrates that the sudden expectation of getting hold of a great deal of it—millions—may produce very good results; especially if the expectation turns out to be no more than a dream. The theme of the tale is well summed up in the final vision of Madge Cable, the heroine, wherein she "pictured a great invisible spirit rushing over the earth. . . whispering—'Here's a million dollars! In a few hours it may be yours! Tell me what you'll do with it.'"

That is precisely what the fates said to Madge, and also to her uncle, Doctor Cable and his wife and Ray, their son. Madge had a half brother, Gordon, who had neglected her and his more remote relatives for some years, while engaged in the war and afterward in accumulating millions out of shipping opportunities; but when he is knocked on the head in an auto accident and is hardly expected to live Madge is sent for. Some years before he had written her that if he died in the war he would leave his property to her. So she naturally is concerned in his health. There can hardly be said to be much affection between them and she really has known little of his life. Of course, she doesn't want him to die, but—?

And then the uncle and his family drop in, also eagerly interested in Madge's possible great inheritance. While Gordon is still unconscious a new personality turns up—the actress, Leonora, who has been very intimate with him. Madge and her uncle do not quite know what to make of her, as they are small town people of little experience. And there is also Gordon's partner, another stranger to Madge.

It is thus a complex situation and gives ample opportunity for Mr. Poole to show the various reactions of these diverse folk to the prospect of sudden wealth. Each one dreams of what it might mean, and what could be done with even a minor part of the millions. Mr. Poole has successfully resisted the temptation to make a grim satire of it, for even the least of these relatives is not really hopelessly avaricious. They are a good average sort; kindly enough, mildly philosophical, and essentially good natured. But it is something of a strain. The relatives at first try to keep the extraneous lady, Leonora, out of it, but Madge finally comes to understand that Gordon and Leonora are

genuinely in love with each other, and she helps.

It all operates to arouse the hitherto reluctant Madge to the possibilities of life. She is 32, and has led a drab, uninteresting existence, but the prospect of the millions jolts her out of the rut. In the end the millions vanish, and Gordon also gets well, and is scheduled to acquire more millions in due course. Madge finds an outlet for her newly acquired energy in going to Russia to engage in relief work, and one feels sure that she is started on a career of useful adventure.

It is a clever piece of work; kept light in tone in spite of its nearly tragic content. Like all Mr. Poole's writing it is a thoughtful book, full of solid meat, nourishing, but served without fuss or heaviness.

**WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG.** By Frederick R. Becholdt. The Century Company.

ALTHOUGH most of the chapters in this peculiarly interesting book fall naturally into short story form they are not fiction. They are true stories, episodes out of the actual life of the young West when it was really wild and woolly. Mr. Becholdt has gleaned much of his material from the narratives and recollections of old timers. of "Fortyniners" and early prospectors, gamblers, cowboys, sheriffs and marshals and has also drawn upon the authentic records of the era, including such sources as files of the *Tombstone Epitaph* and other early Arizona papers. The result is a fascinatingly alive book, with "thrills" enough to equip a dozen ordinary romances, and the added quality of truthfulness. He does not idealize his "two gun men" or the politicians of the day, but tries to present them as they were. One chapter deals with Tombstone and its founding, another with "Tombstone's Wild Oats" in the days when the genuine "bad men" took possession of the town. There is also an account of the "Overland Mail" and the opening up of travel and communication with the effete Eastern world. Mr. Becholdt's narrative style is excellent, fluent, forceful enough and full of color. It makes good reading.

**ONE WORLD AT A TIME.** By Margaret Fuller. The Century Company.

ONE World at a Time is a tale of the South Atlantic coast some years after the civil war. It is told by a youngster—a Yankee girl—who goes to make her home with her uncle, Norbert Lapierre, and his wife on their Southern plantation.

The love story is very well told. The characters are sharply drawn and the scene is set for each incident. The book is not one for those who would skim through a summer romance tale. It is, instead, a book for those who have the time and inclination to dawdle through a charming story, the author of which has allowed herself to dwell at length upon details. There are, no doubt, memories in the story. The author must have known the things of which she writes—she must have watched the sea washing the cotton islands, the palmettos and the pines waving in the salty breezes. She must have enjoyed the mingled odor of the sea and the jasmine that she has put into her book.

**CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER.** By Francis L. Cooper. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

THE noble young minister with a mystery as to his ancestry, and the outwardly respectable but inwardly very wicked elder who owns a lovely daughter for the minister to love, but who is also criminally mixed up with the ancestral mystery aforesaid, make a good foundation for a pleasantly old fashioned sentimental romance. And there is Captain Pott, and Miss Pipkin, who, of course, are "characters." The Captain functions as an intrusive providence at critical moments and eventually turns on the light which dispels the fog of mystery to foil the naughty elder and smooth out the bumpy path of true love.

The old crime is laid in that former haunt of the romantically criminal, Australia, but most of the story belongs in the salty atmosphere of a small seaside town. An up to date touch is provided in the illicit distribution of what is now generally called "rum" in newspaper headlines. The story is conventional enough in

outline, but well done, with considerable verisimilitude. It will hold the interest of lovers of mild romance.

The Harvard University Athletic Association keeps two photographers busy during every football game on the autumn schedule. Forty photographs illustrating plays are included in "Football and How to Watch It," by Percy D. Haughton, scheduled for late September publication by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston.

Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, who contributed two volumes to "The Chronicles of America," published by The Yale University Press, has a biography of Lincoln scheduled for appearance this autumn. It will be in one volume of four hundred and eighty pages. Bobbs-Merrill are the publishers.

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